

LUKE THE LABOURER,

OR,

THE LOST SON:

A DOMESTIC MELO-DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF
THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE
WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, AS NOW
PERFORMED IN THE THEATRES ROYAL,
LONDON.

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

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1838.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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1838

Original Cast of Characters at the Adelphi Theatre, Strand.

Squire Chase, (Lord of the Manor,) Mr. FOSTER.
 Wakefield, (a decayed Farmer, . Mr. ELLIOTT.
 Chas. Maydew, (a Young Farmer,) Mr. S. SMITH.
 Luke the Labourer, Mr. TERRY.
 Philip, (a Sailor,) Mr. T. COOKE.
 Bobby Trot, (a Country Lad,) . Mr. SALTER.
 Michael, (an Old Gipsy, . . . : Mr. SANDERS.
 Dick, (a Postilion,) Mr. LAMERT.
 Thomas, (Landlord of the King's }
 Head,) } Mr. PHILLIPS.

Villagers, Servants, Gipsies, &c.

Dame Wakefield, Mrs. DALEY.
 Clara, (her Daughter,) . . Miss BODEN.
 Jenny, (a Country Girl,) . . Mrs. H. HUGHES.

SCENE.—A Village in Yorkshire.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

By R. H. is meant Right Hand.
 By L. H. - - Left Hand.
 By S. E. - - Second Entrance.
 By U. E. - - Upper Entrance.
 By C. D. - - Cottage Door.

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LUKE THE LABOURER.

ACT I,

SCENE I.—*A Village with distant view of the City of York.—Harvest-carts in the back-ground ; a Group of Villagers discovered, celebrating the Harvest home.—An Alehouse at the side, and LUKE seated at the door, smoking and disregarding their actions.*

CHORUS.

Our last load of corn is now in, boys,
 'Tis time that our mirth should begin, boys :
 For grief would be worse than a sin, boys,
 At this our harvest home.

Our labours have now a relief, boys,
 So there's bacon and cabbage, and beef, boys,
 But a barrel of ale is the chief, boys,
 To rule o'er a harvest nome.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. This is all as it should be, my lads ; every thing is prepared for you in my cottage ; but, as I am a bachelor, you must elect the prettiest lass among you to preside ; so away with you, and be as happy as you ought.

[*The villagers go off, singing the burden of the chorus : enter CLARA, hastily, R. H. ; on perceiving Charles, she stops.*

You appear to be travelling post haste, Clara. I was in hopes we should have had you with us at our harvest home ; your absence has disappointed many who have been expecting you anxiously.

Clara. I have to attend to duties, Sir, which should be considered before pleasures, however I might wish to indulge in them.

Char. Sir!—You speak very coolly to me Clara; have I not known you long enough to be called Charles?

Clara. Superiors should have that distinction, Char—Sir.

Char. Superiors, Clara!—But I see how it is, you are rather ironical to day.

Clara. Nay, sir, indeed I did not mean to—to—say any thing, Sir; but you are now growing rich, and I hear, likely to become our landlord—so I thought—I thought—nothing more, indeed, Sir.

Char. Be assured, Clara, it is not through pride that I have offered to purchase your father's cottage of 'Squire Chase: 'tis true, I wish so to do, but I have my reasons for it; and, though I have been so fortunate as to raise myself from a poor Farmer's boy to what I now am, I shall never forget that the first week's wages I earned, were paid me by Farmer Wakefield.

Clara. Ah, Sir, my poor father has been sadly unfortunate since that time: it is a bitter thing for an old man to meet misfortunes, when he has known prosperity in his youth; but I am now old enough to assist, and it must be something worse than sickness that shall prevent my striving to bring comfort to that heart which administered to mine in its helplessness.

Char. You are a good girl Clara; I always said you were. But how is my old master, Farmer Wakefield? I have not seen him for some weeks.

Clara. (*Dejectedly.*) He is very well, Sir.

Char. Tell him to call on me this evening, and take a jug of ale to the memory of old times.

Clara. He has not been out for some time, Sir.

Char. Indeed—not ill, I hope,

Clara. Only in mind, Sir.

Char. But he should take some exercise ; it would assist in driving away thought. Why don't he join us now in the evening, as he used to do ?

Clara. Oh, Sir—(*bustling into tears.*)—don't, don't ask me.

[LUKE rises and comes forward. CLARA, crosses L. H. on perceiving him utters a faint shriek.

Luke. Eh wench, what's the matter wi' ye ; there be naught about me, I hope to scare you so.

Clara. There is that about you, enough to scare any one, could they but see it.

Luke. What be that ?

Clara. A bad heart.

Luke. A bad heart.—It an't a bad heart ; but a heart that has been stung through and through.

Char. What is the meaning of this—what have you done, Luke, to cause this alarm ?

Luke. Why, you see her feyther owed me a bit o' money, and when I wanted it, he wouldn't pay it, and so I thought—

Char. You'd put him in gaol for it, eh ?

Luke. If you'd ha' been a witch, you could not ha' guessed better.

Char. (*Aside.*) It is as I suspected—but why didn't you tell me of this before, Clara. ?

Clara. I couldn't, sir ; I often thought of telling you, but when the words came to my tongue's end, I felt as if I could die, and had no power to speak them.

Char. How much is the debt ?

Clara. Oh, sir, a very great sum.

Char. Indeed ! I'm sorry for that

Luke. (*Aside.*) Yes and that's all *you'll* do.

Char. But tell me the amount ;

Clara. Nineteen pounds, sir,

Luke. Nineteen pounds, six shillings.

Char. Well, Luke, you need not be so exact.

Luke. Some folk ha' been exact enough with me, before this time, and now it be my turn ; I've had

measters to teach me, and I'll show that I've larned my lesson.

Char. Luke, I know you to be a needy man—How could Farmer Wakefield become your debtor in that sum?

Luke. Why—for vally received.

Char. In what?

Luke. Why, for a stack o' wheat. Ah, you may stare—poor Luke, who never owned an acre, measter of a stack o' wheat—you see some folk can get as well as other folk.

Char. Well, well—

Luke. Yes, it would ha'been well for me if I hadn't sold it to a beggar.

Char. What?—Remember, Luke, the misfortunes of a ruined man are not to be insulted.

Luke. Aye, we be all ruin'd in turn—I ha'been ruin'd—goods—body—character—all ruin'd. But now I can hold my head as high as you, Measter Charles, and defy you to say as I ever wrong'd my neighbour.

Char. It is the luck of some men to have good friends.

Luke. Aye, aye—you be right.

Char. And sometimes for bad purposes.

Luke. What!—dom thee, I—no, I'll not be in a passion now—another time—yes, another time. (*crosses L. H. a shot heard without.*) Here comes Squire,—he be at work among the patridges already.

Clara. The 'Squire?—Good day to ye, Mr. Charles. (*Crossing.*)

Char. Nay, Clara, do not go yet; I wish to speak with you alone.

Enter 'SQUIRE CHASE and GAMEKEEPER. R. H.

Luke. A dutiful good day to ye, 'Squire—you ha' just bagg'd summut, I suppose?

'Squire. Ha! the pride of the village here! the very lass I wish'd to meet—and Mr. Charles, too—

glad to see you, my honest fellow, (*Charles slightly bows.*) Well, Clara, and how is your father?

Clara. He's very—that is, but poorly, sir.

'*Squire.* Come hither Clara; let me speak to you alone. (*The rest retire.*) Your father is in difficulties, I understand.

Clara. He is, indeed, sir.

'*Squire.* I'm sorry; but if you will come to the manor house, this evening, I shall be at leisure and will give you my assistance and advice.

Clara. Ay, sir! assistance and advice have long been needed,

'*Squire.* Keep up your spirits, Clara, and fail not to come.

Clara. At what time, sir?

'*Squire.* About half-past eight, or nine—say nine.

Clara. It will be dark before I can return; and I am very timid since I saw my father taken to—can't you make it earlier, sir;

'*Squire.* Not very conveniently; but a servant shall see you safe home. Luke?

Luke. Here, 'Squire, (*Coming down.*)

'*Squire.* Follow me I want you, (*Aside.*) You'll not fail? (*To Clara, crosses L. H.*)

Clara. No, sir, and thank you.

'*Squire.* I shall expect you: and, depend upon it, nothing that can be done to alleviate your distress, shall be wanting. At nine o'clock.

Clara. I shall be punctual, sir.

'*Squire.* Now, Luke, we shall accomplish it. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit. L. H. followed by LUKE and GAMEKEEPER.*]

Clara. The 'Squire's freedom with that man is very strange.

Char. [*Coming forward R.H.*] Clara, I—that is—I hope—do not think me too curious if I ask you a question.

Clara. No, indeed, Charles.

Char. Will you answer me ?

Clara. If I can, sir.

Char. What was it the 'Squire said to you ?

Clara. He wishes me to go this evening to the manor house.

Char. For what purpose ?

Clara. He has promised to assist my father in his difficulties.

Char. Then he has only *promised* you ?

Clara. That is all, Sir.

Char. Take my advice, Clara, and don't go.

Clara. Why should I not ?

Char. Umph !—Here is a pocket book that I have no particular use for ; and, as I know you are fond of reading, and making memorandums, will you accept it.

Clara. Nay Charles, I do not wish to—

Char. But as a keep-sake.

Clara. You are very kind. (*Taking the book timidly.*)

Char. When I am gone, open it ; it contains nothing but what you are freely welcome to : I know its contents—all is yours ; and I am convinced your own heart will tell you, better than I can, how to dispose of it.

Clara. Nay Charles, I—[*Offering to return it.*]

Char. I insist upon it.

[*Exit. L. H.*]

Clara. What can he mean ? The contents are mine. No, Charles, I guess your object ; how ! gone : yet he insisted on my acceptance of it, and I was not to open it till he had left me—how my hand trembles. [*Opens the book.*] There's nothing here—no—only some poetry, "how to dye green" [*Reading.*] "Verses to Betsey Jones." March—April—May Ha ! pockets—papers in them—Bank notes ! One, two, three, four, five—another five—that's five and five is ten—and ten's twenty. Twenty pounds ! Kind, generous Charles ; yes, my heart indeed tells me how to dispose of it. But for me to be so mean as to take

it! No, I'll return it to him. But my father is in prison, and this would make him happy—what shall I do? I'll borrow it—I'll but borrow it, and I'll work night and day to get it together again. Oh my poor father! I'll fly immediately to the gaol, and will not return home, but with him. Father, father, let me not speak till I rush into your arms and tell you, that your prison doors are open.

[*Exit R. R.*

Enter BOBBY TROTT, *singing, with a bundle on a stick at his back, L. H. U. E.*

Bob. Well, here I be, once more, ready to start for Lunnun: this makes the fourth time as I've had my Sunday clothes on, and my bundle at my back, when somehow summut have always happened to make I turn whoame again; but now I wool go, come what may. All's snug about, nobody have seen me, and I ha' gotten three half crowns, two silver six-pences, and half a penny in copper, to pay my way there, which be 187 miles; and, as to coming back again, that must take care of itself. Perhaps I may never come back; who knows but some grand lady, wi' a couch and a blackamoor servant, may say, Bobby thee be'st a pretty lad, wool't come and be my husband? He, he, there be noa telling; for I be told there be wonderfuller things come aboot in Lunnun than in any other town out o' Yorkshire. So here goes; once more.

Enter LUKE, *hastily, with a letter, L. H.*

Luke. Bobby, lad come hither; I want thee.

Bob. Eh? Oh!

Luke. The work ha' now begun, and this will complete it. [*Aside.*] I ha' been looken for thee, Bobby.

Bob. Dang it, I shall be stop'd again—I be going, mun.

Luke. Going—where?

Bob. Lunnun, sure.

Luke. Why, what be'st thee going there for?

Bob. Oh, summut.

Luke. Nonsense ; I've a job for thee to do.

Bob. I thought so. It be vary cruel, so it be, that a poor lad canna run away when he ha legs o' his own, without being beholden to any body.

Luke. What ha' put going to Lunnun in your head? Why, a lad like you will be ruined and killed in such a place.

Bob. Eh! How?

Luke. Why, there be so many wenches and temptations loike.

Bob. Noa, be there tho'? Dom if I doa'nt go.
(*Aside.*)

Luke. How much money has't got?

Bob. Oh, a power! Three half-crowns, two silver sixpences, and a penny halfpenny in copper. I sav'd it all up in a flower-pot.

Luke. Be that all. Come, lad, listen to me ; you know Measter Charles.

Bob. What, young Farmer Charles?

Luke. Yes—you go look for him, and give him this letter.

Bob. Vary well.

Luke. You know Ripley, twenty miles off, where his brother James do live.

Bob. Ees, I do.

Luke. Doa'nt you tell him I gave you this letter, but say you be just come from Ripley, and brought it from his brother there, who be vary ill and like to die.

Bob. I don't know as I wool.

Luke. Why not?

Bob. Because it be natural the letter should be post paid.

Luke. Thee be'st a bit cutish, Bobby.

Bob. I be getting cuterer every day, do you know.

Luke. Well, well, thee shall go to Lunnun, if this job be done cleverly ; so, when you ha' found un, come to me, and you shall be paid double postage.

Bob. Shall I tho'! But where shall I find ye, Measter Luke, 'cause I be determined to go to-day, if I start at night; shall you be at this Alehouse?

Luke. Alehouse—noa—at the 'Squire's

Bob. What, wi' the sarvants in the kitchen?

Luke. Sarvants—pish! wi' his worship up stairs.

Bob. You doa'nt say so—what, be you hired to sit up stairs wi' his worship?

Luke. Don't ask questions, but mind your business. Eh—somebody be coming—it be he for sartin—now, lad, mind thy P's and Q's and you're a made man!

Exit. L. H. U. E.

Bob. Wi' his worship up stairs! Oh I'll go to Lunnun now, for sartin; if a great ugly chap loike Measter Luke do keep company wi' 'squires, what shall a smart lad loike I do, when I get among lords and dukes.

Enter CHARLES, L. H.

Sarvant, Measter Charles.

Char. Well, Bobby, what news!

Bob. Very bad, zur—I ha' gotten a letter.

Char. For me?

Bob. Ees, zur.

Char. Who sent you with it?

Bob. Somebody.

Char. (*Reading.*) "Dear Brother. This comes hoping you are in good health, which I be not at present. I be verry ill and doctor say I be dying. Dear brother, do come without fail, when you get this letter from your loving brother till death.

"JAMES MAYDEW."

"Postcrip—A neighbour ha' wrote this, I be so bad." Poor fellow—have you just come from there Bobby?

Bob. Here be my bundle you see.

Char. Did you see my brother?

Bob. Noa.

Char. Who gave you this?

Bob. A mon.

Char. My brother's man, I suppose.

Bob. He—he—wasn't a woman.

Char. What's to be done? I wish'd to have seen Clara this evening, but this certainly demands the first attention. Here Bobby, here's sixpence for you: and should you see Farmer Wakefield's daughter, tell her what happened, but say I shall return early in the morning, if possible, and call at her father's in my way home. [Exit. L. H.]

Bob. Oh sly! I see how things do stand—if Measter Charles bea'nt her sweetheart, I know nowt o' the matter. Well, I think that job were done quite neatish and clever, and without a bit o' lie ony way. Oh, I be a main cute lad, and if Lunnun doan't make my fortin, she doan't know how to vally a genus.

JENNY is heard without crying violently.

My stars! here be a stoppage now for sartin—I'd better run for it.

Enter JENNY, L. H.; U. E; she runs up to BOBBY, and catches him by the collar.

Jen. I've cotch'd you at last, have I now,—bean't you a sad parjury fause lovier? and you be resolute bent on going away?

Bob. Ees, I be. Here's a rumpus.

Jen. Havn't you said, over and over again, that I were the girl of your heart; and, if ever you had a wife, nobody but I should be Mistress Trot.

Bob. Ees, but I said *if*, you know; moint that.

Jen. Then what did you make me fall in love for.

Bob. That be no fault o' mine; you couldn't help it.

Jen. Then you don't care about breaking my heart, I suppose? But harkye, Bobby—if you go to Lunnun, I'll follow you, if I walk every step o' th' way barefoot.

Bob. Now, don't ye be a fool, Jenny.

Jen. You shan't make one o'me, I can tell ye, Bobby.

Jen. You make one o' yourself—I be only going to see the curiositys; I shall come back, mun.

Jen. But I be so afraid o' thee; for, when a young man gets there fra' the country as knows summut, he'll never get away again till he knows summut more than that summut.

Bob. You doan't say so. Dom if I doan't go. (*Aside.*) Now, Jenny, listen to me; it be no use your taking on so. I've told you, oftens and often, I was determined to see Lunnun some day, so hadn't I better go now I be a single man and you single 'oman, than walk away some time when you ha' gotten a dozen young 'uns: besides, what I see; I can tell you all about, and then you'll be as wise as me every bit.

Jen. That will na' better me, Bobby; for most things that are larn'd in Lunnun had better never be know'd at all.

Bob. But, bless ye, I needn't know more than wad be proper.

Jen. But you would not rest there, Bobby; if you get to know a little, you'll never be quiet till you know every thing. Now, I tell thee what, Bobby,—if thee woan't go, you shall come to my mother's and have as much cold pudding for supper as ever you can eat.

Bob. You don't keep pudding cold, do ye?

Jen. Oh, plenty.

Bob. Well now, I never do.

Jen. Why, thee deosn't throw't away?

Bob. No—I eat it all, when it be hot.

Jen. But woan't you come, Bobby? (*Coaxing him.*)

Bob. He! he! he! I—I think I wool.

Jen. (*Pulling him along gently.*) Come.

Bob. He! he! he! you know how to do't.

Jen. (*Chucking him under the chin.*) I know you wool, Bobby.

Bob. He! he! he! I'll be shot if Lunnun temptation be ony thing to this.

DUET,—*Air*, “ *Le Sabotiere.*”

BOBBY.

Lunnun’s curiosities tempt me away,—
Fortune may smile, and pay well for the trip.

JENNY.

Nay, Bobby, pray let me persuade thee to-stay,
There’s manny a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip.

BOBBY.

Talents and persons be sure o’ promotion,
So that, you see, I’ve two strings to my bow.

JENNY.

The proverb do say, “ twixt too stools,” I’ve a notion,
Plump on the ground you will sartainly go :

BOBBY.

Odds ! bobbs ! both be so ’tising
Lunnun and Jenny—I cant get away.

JENNY.

You look like the donkey who stood, over nice, in
Choosing between two fine bundles o’ hay,

Fal, lal, lal, &c

SECOND VERSE.

BOBBY.

Your coaxing and wheedling I cannot resist,
And the thought o’ cold pudding do alter my plan.

JENNY.

Why, Bobby, I know you’ve a notion to twist,
And a rare gaping mouth for a sop in the pan.

BOBBY.

Ah ! Jenny, my roaming ambition
Be melting to love, just like kitchen fat.

JENNY.

If you be so warm wi’ your loving condition,
A lump of cold pudding will soon settle that.

* For the words of this duet, the author is indebted to Mr. Salter.

BOBBY.

Legs ! legs ! to Lunnun shou'd carry me,
Where I be sure to get brass in my purse.

JENNY.

You don't want for brass in your face,—stay and marry me ;
Further you'll travel, and, maybe, fare worse.
Fal, lal, lal ! &c.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*A Kitchen.*

Enter DAME WAKEFIELD, placing the chairs and table.

Dame. Where can my poor girl be ? I be sore afraid when she do stay so long away ; a fair flower hazards the plucking of every hand, and she ha' now no protector but her old mother : my poor husband in prison, and the young hope of our days fled from us when he wur but ten years old ! But that grief I can never speak of to my husband, it do almost turn his brain,—but many and many a night ha' found me waking and thinking what ha' been his fate. Hey, bless me, this is a sad world for the helpless and unfriended !

Clar. (*Without.*) Mother ! Mother !

Dame. My child's voice,—bless us, what can be the matter ?

Music. *She opens the door and CLARA rushes in.*

Clar. He's coming ! He's coming.

Dame. Who, child ?

Clar. My father !

[*Music.* FARMER WAKEFIELD enters, and rushes into his wife's arms.]

Wake. (*After a pause.*) My warm, my comfortable fireside, do I again see thee. Oh, dame, dame ! no man truly knows the blessings of his home but he who has been shut out from it.

Dame. George !—I've look'd for this day, but never expected to see it, I've dream'd of it but the

morning always found your chair vacant ; but now sit down George.

Clara Sit, father, sit. How pale and changed you look,—shall I get you any thing, father?

Wake. Not yet, child—not yet.

Dame. But who has done this?

Clar. A friend mother.

Wake. He is, indeed a friend.

Dame. Bless us, what a friend?

Clar. Charles.

Dame. What, Charles Maydew?

Clar. He drew from me what I never intended should be known but where it could not be avoided : he asked me questions, many questions, many questions, and put them so kindly, that they seemed to charm an answer from me ; and when I at length confess'd our distress, he gave me a pocket-book, told me the contents were mine, and my own heart would direct me what to do.

Wake. Grateful boy,—if ever it be in my power to return thy kindness,—but what are hopes to me—am I not ruin'd?—No farm, no land ! Blight, distemper, and misfortune, have swept all away, and I am now a bereft and comfortless old man.

Clar. Father, I hope you have one comfort left. (*Embracing him with affection.*)

Wake. Bless thee girl, bless thee,—I wrong'd thee in saying so, thou art indeed a blessing, and, if any thing should tear thee from me, there then remains but one thing to be done. [*A knock at the cottage door.*]

Wake. (*Starting.*) Who's there?

Clar. Nay, father, don't stir ; sit still, sit quiet,—I'll open the door,—it's nobody of consequence ; some friend, perhaps.

Dame. Mayhap, Mr. Charles.

Music.—CLARA opens the door cautiously—LUKE walks in, but stops suddenly on perceiving WAKEFIELD, and remains fixed with surprise.—CLARA comes down, WAKEFIELD, still keeps his seat, while the DAME views him with anxiety.

Wake. Well, sir, your business here?

Luke. I ha' noa business particular, I ha' noa—only a—how came you out o' gaol?

Wake. That be no affair o' yours; the keeper of the prison will answer that.

Luke. Well, well,—I suppose it be all right; but—who'd ha' thought it,—you arn't paid t' money?

Wake. It be paid; and now your business.

Luke. Why, you see I be com'd fra' 'Squire—he heard you were misfortunate, and wish'd your daughter to come to him, when he were at whome this evening, and consult wi' him upon the business.

Clara. Yes, father, he saw me this afternoon, and desired me to go to the manor house this evening.

Wake. The 'Squire be very good certainly; but it be all settled now, and things may take a better turn wi' me.

Luke. Well, I hope they may; but, Miss Clara, as t' 'Squire said he would do summut for thee, mayhap it would be better for you to see him—he be very civil, and who knows but he may set thy feyther on his legs.

Wake. I should think it be of little consequence to you whether I stand or fall.

Luke. Oh, I only speak out o' pity.

Wake. Curse your pity!

Luke. Nay, not so; I be a friend o' the family, bless you—I bear no malice. No, no—malice, noa malice!

Wake. Then why be so hard upon me, when I couldn't pay you at the time promised.

Luke. Why, you see I wanted t' money, and I thought, as you had been a thriving man, you might ha' some about thee that you didn't just like to touch, you see.

Wake. (*Rise.*) And why did you tempt me to buy it, wi' your false words of "any time would do do to pay?" But I see through you—you be a scoundrel!

Luke. What? Be quiet! be quiet!

Clara. (*Crossing to WAKEFIELD.*) Nay, father—dear father, say no more. Luke, go, leave the house; my father is passionate, and he may say that which at another time he would be sorry for.

Luke. I ha' summut to say, summut at my tongue's end—it must come out. Farmer do you recollect when you sent me away fra' your sarvice? Do you recollect when I were starving for want o' work, and, because I were at times given to drink, you turn'd your back upon me. I ha' never been a man since that time.

Wake. What, do you wish to rake up old affairs that ha' been gone by mony a day?

Luke. If it had been gone by a hundred years, and I alive, I should never ha' forgotten it; and I must and will tell thee on't. I never had the chance afore; but now it do all come fresh upon my brain, my heart do seem ready to burst wi' summut buried in it, and I cannot keep it down. You turn'd me away, and I had no character, because you said I were a drunkard. I were out of work week after week till I had not a penny in the world, nor a bit o'bread to put in mine or my wife's mouth. I then had a wife, but she sicken'd and died—yes, died—all—all—along o' you.

Wake. You never came to me in a right way.

Luke. She wouldn't let me go to parish, because she were daughter of as good a man as you were then; so we crept on little by little, and bad enough it were—but at last all things went cross: and at one time, when a bit hadn't been in my mouth for two days, I sat thinking, wi' my wife in my arms; she were ill, very ill; I saw her look at me wi' such a look as I shall never forget—she laid hold o' this hand, and putting her long thin fingers all round it, said “Luke, would na' the farmer give you six-pence if he thought I were dying o' want?” I said, I'd try once more—I got up, to put

her in a chair, when she fell, stone dead down at my feet.

Clara. Oh, Luke! Luke! for mercy's sake, no more—forgive him.

Luke. (*After a pause.*) I were then quite ruin'd. I felt alone in the world. I stood looking on her white face near an hour, and did not move from the spot an inch; but, when I *did* move, it were wi' my fist clench'd in the air, while my tongue, all parch'd and dry, curs'd a curse, and swore that, if I had not my revenge, I wish'd I might fall as stiff and as dead, as she that lay before me.

Clara. Oh, Luke! I beseech you—I implore you—forgive my father. (*Falling at Luke's feet.*)

Luke. Ha! ha! ha! this is a great sight—the daughter at my feet.

Wake. Get up, Clara, I'll not see it—I'll not see thee beg to any man—obey me, girl.

Luke. My eyes are wet—'tis ten years and more since they were so—it were but a drop, and now they're dry as dust again.

Wake. Tell me, Luke—did you not bring all your troubles on yourself; did you not drink and swear, and be idle, for whole days?

Luke. (*Not heeding.*) I'll have it yet---if I die for't, I'll have it. Yes, yes---you arn't the man you were once. You are not that Farmer Wakefield that stood almost as high as t' 'Squire; noa! noa!-- Luke ha' seen that which has been bread to him.

Wake. Villain, leave the house! Don't you hold me, dame—he shan't bide in this place a moment—leave my house, I say.

Luke. I arn't yet had my full o' what pleases me—here's a little alteration here.

Wake. Do you abuse me on my own hearth? Now, Luke, heed me—if you don't instantly go out, I'll lay hold o' thee by the neck, and send you forth quicker than you came in.

Luke. Touch me, and I'll—

Wake. Stand off, dame—Clara, be you quiet—let me come at him.

[*Music.*—WAKEFIELD seizes LUKE, but is grappled in return by the throat.—LUKE dashes him on the ground, and rushes out of the cottage, with a loud laugh---CLARA screams, the DAME sinks senseless in the chair, CLARA is endeavouring to raise her Father, and the scene closes.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment at the 'SQUIRE'S.*

Enter BOBBY, cautiously looking about him.

Bob. Measter Luke! Measter Luke!—I can't find him any where. I popp'd up stairs so snug, when sarvant's back wur turned, because they do say he be often here wi' 'Squire; if I could but find him, I'd ax for t' letter job money, and go; for Jenny do so come over I wi' her lattle bits of love, and great bits of pudding, that it do quite puzzle I what to do. What a grand parlour surely—but this be naught to what I shall see in Lunnun—for the 'Squire there be so big, they ha' built a large hall o' purpose for his corporation. Here be somebody coming!---Dickens and daisies, it is 'Squire himself!---He musn't see me, by gum—I shall meake such a clatter if I run down stairs; here be a cupboard door open—I'll pop in here 'till he be gone—gently, Bobby—gently. (*conceals himself in closet.*)

Enter 'SQUIRE and DICK.

'Squier. How far can we get on the road without changing horses?

Dick. Why, your honour, with four good cattle, we may run a matter o' twenty miles.

'Squire. That will do; now attend to me—clap four of my best horses to the light chaise, and be at the Three Oaks, near the main road, by a quarter to nine.

Dick. And spank along in the old way, your honour?

'Squire. As hard as you can go; but make no noise in getting ready, and drive quietly to the place, without saying a word about it to any body—keep the steps down and the door open.

Dick. I know, sir.

'Squire. And, understand—(*Gives him money.*)

Dick. Oh, sir, perfectly—your honour intends to go to London, I suppose?

'Squire. Ask no questions, but obey me.

Dick. It shall be done; any thing else, your honour?

'Squire. Get your horses ready immediately.

Dick. In the cracking of a whip, your honour.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

'Squire. It may be necessary to make these preparations, for have the girl I will. She has given me a little trouble, certainly—perhaps more than I intended to take; but a genuine man of gallantry should never flinch while there remains a chance of obtaining his object.

Enter LUKE, R. H.

Luke. It be all out now—I've had it laying up here for mony a day, but it would burst out at last. I could ha' put my foot upon his neck had na' the woman screech'd so deadly; but I've given him earnest o' what's to come.

'Squire. Why, Luke, you appear ruffled;—nothing wrong I hope?

Luke. Eh!—I didn't see your worship. Oh, no, bless ye—I've only been talking a bit o' my mind. Who do you think be out o' gaol?

'Squire. Wakefield?

Luke. Yes, sure. I know who's done it,

'Squire. Charles, I suppose?

Luke. Aye, sure; but he ha' gone on his fool's errand—that be all correct.

'Squire. Then my rival has swallowed the bait?

Luke. Oh, yes, and is now on the road to Ripley.

"I never were so strong in all my life—I felt his throat in my fingers; I could ha' done summut—I almost wish I had.

"*Squire.* It's very unfortunate he should be liberated at this moment, for I've ordered the chaise to be in readiness, and intended to have had her on the road to London in two hours hence. But what's the matter with you, Luke? You seem to be enjoying a comfortable reverie?

"*Luke.* I'll tell ye, I knock'd at the door to tell her to come exact to time, you see, and I wish I may die if t'old man was not sitting in his elbow chair. I thought in were a dream, man; but there he sat, as grand as if he were going to pay me my ten shillings on a Saturday night. But I didn't bow and scrape to him, as I did formerly; no, I were as grand as he; he ask'd my business—I told him, and one word got to another; he grew angry, and I said summut as he didn't like. He were going to turn me out like a dog; but no;—I cotch'd him by the throat, and dashed him down wi' all my might and main, and set up a shout as made the very place ring again. But don't you fret, sir, you shall ha' the girl in spite o' Measter Charles—I'll do it—I've got heart enough—I'll do it.

Enter SERVANT, R. H.

Serv. Farmer Wakefield has sent to speak with you, sir.

Squire. Sent! whom?

Serv. His daughter, sir.

Squire. Desire her to come up. [*Exit Servant.*]

Luke. Hush, hush,—it be all right yet—I know what she be come for.

Squire. The puss breaks cover. Away, lad, take the back stairs, and be at your station; it is getting dark, and we shall run her down as she returns home. Keep your scent good, my lad, and you'll be the best hound in my pack. (*Exit Luke. L. H.*) Here she comes.

Enter CLARA.

Well, Clara, you come to your time, like a good woman of business—sit down.

Clara. I'd rather stand, if you please, sir.

'*Squire.* Well, as you please : but don't be timid, come nearer to me ; have you seen your father to-day ?

Clara. Yes, sir.

'*Squire.* And how is he ?

Clara. Better than he has been for many a day. He's at home, sir.

'*Squire.* At Home !

Clara. Yes, sir : a good friend has done what you were thinking about, sir,

'*Squire.* That's a home thrust, however. (*Aside.*) Oh, I understand ; well, I'm rejoiced to hear it ; I hoped I should have had that pleasure.

Clara. But you can do as good an action sir ; if not to serve my father, at least to—to please me, sir.

'*Squire.* Indeed, believe me, Clara, I would rather have that office than the former.

Clara. My father did not wish me to come, but I am disobedient for once. I should not have slept if I had not. That villain, sir, Luke has insulted my father, shamefully insulted him !

'*Squire.* Indeed, insulted him !

Clara. Struck him, Sir ; struck an old man to the ground, whose grey hairs alone should have been his protection ; and I come to you, 'Squire Chase, as lord of the manor and magistrate, instantly to secure the ruffian, for my father's life is in danger while he is at liberty.

'*Squire.* Where is Luke to be found ?

Clara. It has been said that he is in your service.

'*Squire.* In mine ; Oh, no, the steward, I believe employs him on the grounds.

Clara. If you are inclined to serve the oppressed, sir, you will not let this matter rest ; pardon my boldness, sir, but my poor father is a ruined and a

broken man, with no one to stand up for him but his daughter.

'Squire. Well, I—that is, my dear girl—my dear Clara---

Clara. Sir!

'Squire. Damn it---I hav'nt a word to say for myself. (*Aside.*) You have it in your power to place yourself and your family above intult from any one.

Clara. I---I do not understand.

'Squire. There is one who takes more than common interest in your situation; one who has felt the expression of those eyes, and admired charms he is convinced were never intended to be obscured in a village.

Clara. Sir, I— you amaze me—frighten me— what is it you mean?

'Squire. It is myself, Clara, that admires you, loves you.

Clara. Do not forget yourself; unhand me, sir, or I will call for help. Let me depart.

[*A loud crash is heard in the closet,—the 'SQUIRE starts amazed, and CLARA rushes out. The 'SQUIRE runs to the closet, and drags out BOBBY, with a broken basin in his hand.*

Bob. Oh, your worship, I didn't mean to do it.

'Squire. Who are you, sirrah?

Bob. I be Bobby Trot, Sir.

'Squire. How came you in that closet?

Bob. I didn't go to steal any thing, zur—I wanted to speak to Measter Luke, zur—and I got in there zur; and a great bason fell upon me, zur, without any body touching it

'Squire. How long have you been there, Sirrah?

Bob. All the while you have been here, Sir.

'Squire. He may have overheard what has been said; but I'll secure him, whoever he is. (*Still holding him.*) Have you heard what has passed in this room?

Bob. He, he,—you be going to Lunnun in a chay.

'Squire. That's quite enough, (*Holding him.*) Here Thomas! William! James! (*Calling.*)

Bob. Oh, zur, I be innocent; indeed I be!

Enter SERVANTS, R. H.

'Squire. This fellow has been concealed in my closet, no doubt with an intention to rob the house; take him to the constable, and lock him up in the cage till morning.

Bob. Oh, zur doan't—I'll never do so ony more.

'Squire. Away with him instantly!

Bob. I be innocent, indeed I be.—Oh, dear, this be a stoppage—I shall never go to Lunnun.

[*Exit, dragged by servants. L. H.*]

'Squire. That booby might have destroyed my plan, but Luke must see after him; he is, no doubt, at his post. The sky looks rather dark; no storm coming, I hope. No matter—Jupiter enjoyed his Semele in a storm, and surely a poor mortal need not stand upon trifles. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A cut wood. Low thunder.*

Enter PHILIP through the centre, with a large bundle, and a cudgel.

Phil. Holoa! Any body a-hoy. Nobody with in hail? I want a pilot here; the wind has shifted four points, and brought the ebb tide slap on my broadside; shall drift out, I'm thinking, and lose my way. Let me see, here's a track of some sort; I'll follow it, must reach port at last, (*Lightning.*) The clouds are preparing for action: splice my old shoes, but I must take care of my cargo. Now, messmates, keep you tight in my fist and, if a pirate dare board a king's ship, damme but we'll set her keel upwards and leave her to founder. Steady she goes!

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Enter LUKE, cautiously, R. H.

Luke. I thought I heard summut. No, it be all right; Dick ha' gotten the chay ready and t' lass

be coming across t' other meadow. But where be 'Squire? I suppose I must manage t' job mysel. Who's there?

Enter 'SQUIRE, through centre. R. H.

'Squire. Luke!

Luke. Be that you 'Squire?

'Squire. She's coming, I've had a steeple chase to be up with you.

Luke. All be ready, zur! (*Thunder.*) Hush! keep thee back. [*They retire back.*]

Enter CLARA, R. H.

Clara. If I can but get home before the storm increases! That treacherous 'Squire!—this is a sad world. (*A flash of lightning makes her start back.*) Bless me what a flash! I must put my hands before my eyes; I was always afraid of the lightning!

[*A clap of thunder; music; LUKE rushes forward, and seizes her in his arms: she screams, and struggles with him; the 'SQUIRE is taking her from him, when PHILIP re-enters. Lightning.*]

Phil. What! a ship a-hoy! Sheer off, there!

[*He knocks LUKE down with his cudgel, who falls senseless: then grappling the 'SQUIRE by the throat.*]

Slip your cable, my girl, and stand out to sea! the lubbers shan't grapple you.

[*CLARA exits, L. H. the SQUIRE struggles with PHILIP, and runs off, pursued by him, R. H. The thunder continues, and the curtain falls*]

ACT II.

SCENE I—*The interior of a village alehouse*

Three Reapers discovered sitting at a table, drinking; another small table, chairs, &c.

GLEE.

1st Reaper. We three be farmer's lads,
And yeomen every one,
Ploughtail Thomas,

2nd Reaper. Sickle James,

3rd Reaper. And I be flail John,

1st Reaper. I drive the plough,

2nd Reaper. I reap the corn,

3rd Reaper. And I thrash the sheaves,
Till the wheat be gone.

All. We three be farmer's lads,
And yeomen every one.

1st Reaper. Thomas loves cherry-cheek Kate o' the vale,

2nd Reaper. James loves the lass with the milking pail,

3rd Reaper. Flail John loves nothing but nut-brown ale.

All. We three be farmer's lads,
And yeomen every one.

Enter LUKE, R. H. with a handkerchief bound round his head; crosses the stage, and sits at the table.

1st Reap. Fine morning, Master Luke.

Luke. Yes, I see it be.

1st Reap. Capital weather for the squire to shoot.

Luke. Yes, dom him. (*Half Aside.*) Thomas!
(*Calling.*) I want a jug of ale.

Enter THOMAS.

Thos. Jug of ale, Luke—what be the matter with your head;

Luke. It do ache, Thomas.

Thos. What, too jolly at the harvest-home, I reckon? I hear farmer Charles left all the lads to shift for themselves, and went over to Ripley.

Luke. Did he? Doan't thee talk, Thomas, but bring th' ale. [*Exit Thomas.*]

1st Reap. You seem out of sorts, Master Luke.

Luke. Be that my affair, o' yours?

1st Reap. I only made a civil remark.

Luke. When I be ill I'll let thee know.

Enter THOMAS, with ale, R. H.

Thos. Fine day, after the storm last night.

Luke. Yes. (*Sullenly.*)

Thos. You were not out in it, I suppose?

Luke. No. (*Quickly.*)

Thos. Some folks grow mighty grand in a little time. [*Exit. R. H.*]

Luke. Just as it were all right—just as I were in the very nick o' the job, to be stuned to the ground by a blow that came from nobody knows where; and the 'Squire too, to run away, and leave me to get up as I could: and, when I came to myself, I could see nothing and hear nothing: but I could feel summut. Well, well—it ha' been twenty years about, and if it be twenty more, I'll have my ends at last. (*Going to drink.*)

Phil. (*Without.*) Landlord ahoy! any body a board the king's Head?

Luke. (*Starting up and dropping his jug.*) That be the vary voice.

1st Reap. Master Luke, you have spilt t' ale, man.

Enter PHILIP, singing. R. H.

What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?

Why, what a damn'd fool you must be.

[*Luke turns his chair, and sits with his back to Philip.*]

Phil. All hands are asleep, I think—a messmate or two here I see—holloa! (*To the Reapers.*) What cheer, my hearties?

1st Reap. We be verry well, hope you're the same.

Phil. That's right, my boys—we shall soon know one another—here, landlord! (*Enter THOMAS.*) Bring a good allowance of grog alongside, and hand

us something to stow in the bed-room. (*Exit Thomas.*) Well, my boys, how are you off for lasses in this port?

1st Reap. Very well for that matter; only if you are too sharp after the lasses, you must keep prepared for the lads.

Phil. You're a bit of a weather beaten old hand, but you know how to use your speaking trumpet. I'm a stranger in this channel, you see, and want a little information; is it the custom of the natives here to overhaul a young woman whether she's willing or no?

1st Reap. I don't know about that, without the lasses will say "no," when they mean "yes."

Phil. Hark ye, my lad—I was steering into port last night, as well as the breakers a-head and contrary winds would allow, and while tacking about, I heard the cry of a ship in distress, pip'd all hands, bore up to the spot, and found a tight little brig grappled by a couple of Algerines—all dark--not a lantern to be seen---except the flash now and then from the great guns in the air---saw how it was—bore slap upon the enemy---tipp'd him a broadside—boarded him on his lee quarter---drubb'd him about his upper-works till his day lights danc'd again—fell to work yard-arm and yard-arm with t'other---he lower'd his top-sails, slipp'd under my stern, and got clear off---gave chase, but lost him in the dark---hail'd the little brig, but found she had set all sheets to the wind, and put out to sea—gave three skips and a huzza for the victory---steer'd my course again, till I got safely harbour'd in the King's Head.

1st Reap. Have you been talking Greek all this time.

Phil. Greek, you swab---but what's the use of talking the king's English to a Hóttentot---harkye!

1st Reap. Beg pardon, master sailor, it is our time for work again—you have done your's and you have plenty o' time to talk, but we have none to listen. (*Going.*)

Phil. Avast now---don't sheer off till I've ask'd a question or two. I shan't veer out much more jaw, as you've no gumption. Tip us a few of the farmers names in this port.

1st Reaper. Names ?---There be Farmer Jones, and Farmer Gosling, and Farmer Maydew and Farmer Holly, and---there's no more.

Phil. No more, you lubber! (*Laying hold of the 1st Reaper.*) Tell me ther's no more, and I'll pitch you to Davy Jones in the twinkling of a handspike,

1st Reap. Oh, yes, I'd forget---one more; but he's no farmer now,

Phil. His name, swab; his name.

1st Reap. His name is Wakefield.

Phil. (*Sinking on his seat.*) Splice my old shoes---name sure enough---quite upsets me; strike my topmast, the name sets my head singing like a tea-kettle on the galley fire.

2nd Reap. Come, lad come; he be drunk.

Phil. Stay, my lads---bring to a bit---give me some account of him---no palavar on the word of a sailor; he's no farmer now, you say? overhawl his affairs, and let me know how he stands in the world.

1st Reap. If you want to learn the particulars ask him in the corner; he can tell you more than I can.

[*Exeunt Reapers R. H.*]

[*Luke still sits with his back towards Philip, but, during this scene, has taken the handkerchief from his head.*]

Phil. I havn't felt so queer since the Neptune's jolly boat upset with me in the Baltic. Ask him in the corner; who's he, I wonder; an exciseman, perhaps---service to you, mate. (*Drinking to Luke.*)

Luke. Same to you.

Phil. Come, do'nt clap a stopper on your cable end, my friend---hoist your colours, and return the salute; can you tell me of one Farmer Wakefield in these parts?

Luke. (*Turning half round to Philip*) Do you want to know about him?

Phil. Come, come, lad—let's have no sour crout when we can drink flip. What though I am a stranger, this is one of the friendly islands, and if I've put in some fresh water, you won't send me away with empty buckets. It's some time since I anchored in this channel, and then Farmer Wakefield was master of a tight bit of land or so, didn't spare the grog and biscuit, and could keep up a Saturday night like an admiral; so you see, I should like to learn how the good soul thrives in the sea of life.

Luke. Very poorly I can tell thee.

Phil. Poor soul.

Luke. He's been many a day growing poor, and now ha' gotten quite down; bad crops, distemper among the cattle, bad debts, misfortune, and rack and ruin more and more every day. I ha' seen it; I ha' seen it. (*With self satisfaction.*)

Phil. Well, thank heaven, he's alive.

Luke. Oh, yes, he do live.

Phil. And his wife?

Luke. Yes.

Phil. And—and his children?

Luke. Yes? that is, he had two, you see, but now he ha' gotten but one.

Phil. That's a girl.

Luke. Yes; t'other were a boy.

Phil. He's dead, I suppose.

Luke. Very like—very like.

Phil. You don't know for certain.

Luke. Why, you see he were a lost a long time ago; kidnapped away, it be tho't, by gipsies.

Phil. True—true, I recollect now.

Luke. You be too young to recollect the boy.

Phil. Yes, yes, and the old farmer is very poor?

Luke. Deadly poor, indeed.

Phil. I'm glad of it—I'm glad of it.

Luke. (*Rising eagerly, and looking earnestly at Philip.*) No, be you tho'?

Phil. Holloa, brother, you've a smart bump on your forecastle.

Luke. (*Confused.*) Have I? Oh yes—I know, I know.

Phil. Where did you get it?

Luke. Get it; why I ha' gotten it on my head, you see.

Phil. I think I know you. (*Significantly.*)

Luke. What? know me.

Phil. Are you fond of young women?

Luke. (*Endeavouring to laugh*) Mayhap I be.

Phil. Did you get that blow last night?

Luke. No—no—not last night.

Phil. You lie.

Luke. What?

Phil. (*Seizing him.*) You were grappling with a young woman last night; you and another.

Luke. If thee doesn't loose th' grip, I'll dash thy brains out.

Phil. I see how the land lies; here, landlord, you've got among the breakers,—Landlord. (*Calling.*) All hands ahoy!

Enter THOMAS and CHARLES, L. H.

Thos. What's the matter?

Phil. I'll fathom it to the bottom. I've got you in tow, and splice my old shoes if you go till I'm satisfied.

Char. Luke, what is the cause of this?

Phil. Your honour, I sav'd a young woman from being ill treated last night, and I could swear this is one of the crew that had his grappling irons aboard of her.

Char. Where was the place?

Phil. I don't know, your honour. I was steering without rudder or compass, and had lost my way, but it was in some woody place leading out of a meadow.

Char. It is as Clara suspected;—you did save a young woman last night my friend. Hark ye Luke, I have heard of your conduct, and be assured that

proper authorities shall interfere ; if justice cannot be procured here, there are means to obtain it elsewhere.

Phil. What, we've caught a mutineer, eh? Beg your pardon, your honour, is the young woman your wife?

Char. No—no, not my wife ; she is Farmer Wakefield's daughter.

Phil. Shiver my topmast. Say it again your honour.

Char. I repeat it.

Phil. Handspikes and buntlines, but I'll know who you are. (*Seizes Luke with both hands, who trembles violently.*) I value not your looks a rope's end. (*Drags him to the front of the stage and looks at him earnestly.*) It is—no it an't ; Snatch my bowlines, but it is. Hark ye, I think I've seen your ugly mug before ; if it's the same you'll go to the devil with a flowing sail, I can tell you ; you are set a drift now, but when I grapple you again, I'll send such a broadside into you, as shall sink you in a jiffy. Noble captain, steer me to Farmer Wakefield's and you shall swim in grog for a month.

Char. I am returning there this instant.

Phil. Say you : not a word more, on your life—heave a head, landlord, and pitch my cargo out of the hold. Now your honour, seize the rudder—wind and weather all right. Clap on all your canvass—leave this half-timber'd pirate to founder as he will, and spank away to the Farmer's.

[*Exeunt Phil. followed by Charles and Thomas R. H.*

(*LUKE remains fixed with astonishment, mingled with fear.*)

Luke. Summut do pass to and fro upon my brain ; but no, it cannot be, it cannot be—he were fair hair'd, and beside, it be twenty years ago, and nothing ever heard—I'll not think it : but, if it be, what then? I'll do that which shall outdo all I've ever

done—I'll not be baulk'd—My heart ha' been rent in twain; and, tho' fate and devils do stand afore me, I'll burst through them all, but I'll have my hands full o' what they do long for. Landlord—Thomas, I say?

Enter THOMAS, R. H.

Bring me a whole pint o' brandy; no water, not a drop; doan't thee stand there, I'll pay thee for't. Stop, I'll go with thee myself—thee shan't stint me of a drop—I'm stone cold—my finger ends do feel like flakes of ice.—Come, Thomas, come?

[Exit, dragging THOMAS after him. R. H.]

SCENE II. WAKEFIELD'S Cottage.

Enter JENNY and CLARA.

Clara. He has something particular to tell me?

Jenny. Very,—and he won't say a word to anybody while they do keep him lock'd up in the cage, not even to me.

Clara. Mr. Charles threatens to punish him severely, for bringing a letter, which stated his brother to be ill, and was the cause of keeping him from home all night.

Jenny. He says summut about that too, and that somebody gave it him to give somebody: but he won't tell nobody till he be out of the cage.

Clara. Don't they intend to take him before the Squire

Jenny. I don't know; he be shut up there for all the world like a bird; I ha' been to his uncle Peter, but he says, belike he deserves it, so he must abide by it; and, if I hadn't give him some breakfast through the iron bars, he would have been starved to death.

Clara. Well Jenny, be you here again in an hour: perhaps Mr. Charles may return.

Jenny. Yes, madam; for it be a hard thing, so it be, for a poor young man to loose his character, be-

cause 'Squire do choose to say a thing that be false ; but he does just as he likes—I wish I were a queer, or an emperor for his sake, I'd see whether a 'Squire should not go in a cage as well as a poor man, when he deserves it. Good day madam.

Clara. Good day, Jenny.

[*As JENNY is going out, FARMER WAKEFIELD enters:*
—*JENNY drops a courtesy, and exits, c. d.*

Wake. Who be that ?

Clara. She came to inquire for Mr. Charles, respecting the lad who gave him the false letter yesterday.

Wake. Did Charles say he would be here again ?

Clara. Yes, father, perhaps in an hour.

Wake. Oh !—Get me my chair.

Clara. Yes, father,

[*Clara brings the Farmer his chair, he sits:*

Wake. Put my stick in the corner.

Clara. Yes, father.

Wake. Where be your mother ?

Clara. Gone to market.

Wake. Where do she get money to go to market ; I have none.

Clara. Has not Charles been our friend ?

Wake. True, I ha' borrowed a pound of him ; I might as well say begg'd it ; for I know not when I shall have another shilling to call my own.

Clara. Nay, father let us hope for the best.

Wake: Hope !—don't talk to me of hope ! what have I to look forward to ? Nothing but a pauper's life ; and then I shall break my heart, and when I be nailed down, to be carried to my grave, no one will care, no one will know about it ; there will be no passing-bell—nothing to let folks know, there goes poor Farmer Wakefield.

Clara. Father, dear father, do not encourage such gloomy thoughts ; there is no man so clouded by misfortune, but a star will glimmer through the

darkness, which pale as it may be is the light that bids us live, and look forward—'tis the light of hope, father.

Wake. Don't thee prate, don't thee prate; thy father knows what has pass'd and he knows full well what's to come—(*Rises.*)—The workhouse.

Clara. (*Almost overpowered by her feelings.*) Not while I have health, and hands to work.

Wake. Come hither, girl—I can't see thee just now, my old eyes be dimmer than usual—(*Taking her in his arms.*)—Bless thee, bless thee,

Enter CHARLES, C. D.

Charles, be that you? Do not stand away from us; I be only pressing my only link of life to my heart.

Char. I should not have come in so suddenly, but I have an impatient friend without, who has a desire to be introduced here.

Wake. I don't want him; he can't come in, whoever he be. (*Pettishly.*)

Clara. Not a friend of *your* friend, father?

Wake. You see Charles, I can't help a little old pride. I were once glad to see as many about me as would come; but I have nothing now to make friends welcome with; and it do cut me to the heart to seem as poor as I be.

Char. This is a friend I know you will be glad to see; and, if you do not, you will be sorry when he is gone, and you are told who he was.

Wake. Where is he?

Clara. You shall hear. (*Charles goes to the door.*) (*Calling.*) Neptune ahoy!

Phil. (*Without.*) Hillioh!—Is the captain aboard?

Clara. Heavens! my preserver's voice!

Wake. What, the man that fought for thee last night?—Let him come in—let him come in.

Enter PHILIP, C. D.

Welcome, my friend, welcome; I'm glad to see thee, indeed I am; and thank thee for my poor girl's protection.

Phil. What cheer, my old master?—Glad to see you—avast, don't slip your cable yet—Lord love your old heart—What the devil am I about?— I beg your pardon, your honour, only you see I---that is--- I suppose that's the tight little vessel that fell in with the enemy last night—split my binnicle, if she an't as handsomely built, and prettily rigg'd as e're a frigate in the service.

Wake. I'm very sorry, my good fellow, that it be not in my power to reward you as you deserve ; but if a father's hearty thanks—

Phil. Now, no palaver ; only rate me on your good books, and I'm satisfied. Glad I've found you, tho'—I'm but a young man, you see, tho' I've sailed the salt seas twelve years—east, west, north, and south—aloft and below. Have work'd my way through, as hard as any man, from a powder-monkey and cook-shifter to a foremast station ; and split my snatchblock, if e'er a porpoise fac'd land-lubber in the world shall fall foul of a young woman against her will, when I'm within hail.

Wake. Come, friend, sit you down ; the dame will soon be home.

Phil. The dame!—Your wife, I suppose—odds buntlines, but I'll stay to see her—poor old creature—Lord love her heart, (*Half aside.*)

Wake. She will make you as welcome as our means will allow ; for I am but a poor man now, tho' I have known better days.

Phil. Bless your old soul, don't mention it. (*Aside.*) Pitch me overboard, if I can stand it much longer. And that's your daughter ? Splice my old shoes, I must fire a salute. (*Crosses to Clara.*) Beg pardon my lass, if I am somewhat too racketified ; but we sailors never see a pretty girl, but, somehow, we want to—to—damn it, give us a buss.

Char. What ?

Wake. Eh ?

Phil. Shiver me, if I know what I'm about. You must excuse me, you see, if I've sprung a leak in my manners. I'm a little outlandish at present—lost the helm of my conduct, as it were. But a word with you, commodore—I must put upon another tack; never mind my lingo—a man that's been half his life at sea, can't help smelling of old junk.

Wake. Bring a chair, girl? (*To Clara.*)

Phil. Not for me, your honour—avast now—I've something to say, something to overhaul that concerns you.

Wake. Concerns me.

Phil. Bring up alongside, here—a hem—Didn't you lose a son?

Wake. What, what!—speak not of it—say not a word. Do you wish to make me go mad in your sight? (*Turning away.*)

Clara. (*Crossing to Phillip.*) Oh, Sir, as you value my father's feelings, avoid that subject, he has forbidden it ever to be mentioned; my mother dares not name it.

Phil. I see how it is; my pumps will be at work in a minute. (*Aside.*) Lord love your heart, I can't help it—I—I—don't be alarmed; I've news of him.

Wake. (*Rushing between them.*) News of whom?

Phil. Of your son.

Wake. Of my boy?—Speak—does he live?

Phil. Tight and hearty.

Wake. Thank heaven! Come hither, Clara—I be so agitated—let me hold thee. My boy, my poor boy; tell me; tell me. Now, don't thee hurry; tell me coolly; you see I be cool.

Phil. I was his messmate, you see—

Wake. Well; go on; but don't thee hurry.

Phil. Many a taught gale we've weather'd together; so you see, poor fellow—

Wake. Poor fellow! What, be there any thing the matter? But go on.

Phil. Strike my topmast I shall run aground. (*Aside.*) He's anchor'd in foreign parts.

Clara. 'Then he's not in England!

Wake. But he's alive; go on; go on. Shall I see him again before I die?

Phil. Here goes at once. (*Aside.*) I left him in the Indies; you see, safely stow'd in a snug birth; and he desired me, if I was cruising in these parts, to find you out, and let you know he was still on deck in the ship of life; that, tho' he had a sweetheart in every port, he couldn't steer clear of a wife; so got reev'd in the block of matrimony, and can man his jolly-boat with a couple of young tars, that know how to splice a rope already. (*Aside.*) Split my capstan but that's a whistler.

Wake. Clara! Charles! Run look for the dame; this news must not be kept; fly; you'll find her on the road home from market; but, be careful, tell her slowly at first; and stop, Clara; tell her to bring home something good for the stranger; and, hark ye, (*Aside to her.*) let her spend every farthing, before we appear to be stinted. Mind that now, mind that.

Clara. Yes father; and I'll tell her to hasten home.

Wake. Do, girl do. (*Exit Clara.*) After her, Charles, after her; you'll manage better between you.

Char. Excuse me, Farmer; but this man must be made welcome, so pray accept. (*Aside to Wakefield.*)

Wake. No, no; I won't hear of it. No more, no more. Nay nay; now go after the girl, and take care of her: I won't, I tell you. (*Putting Charles out at the door.*) My poor boy; how I should like to see him.

Phil. Should you? Should you? No, I won't; not yet; not yet. (*Aside.*)

Wake. But I shall hear from him, I hope. How came he to turn sailor? Where did he go to? Who took him, away from me?

Phil. That is all duly entered on his log-book, and will be shipped home the first opportunity,

Wake. If I could but see him once before I died ; but I never shall be so happy. Do you know when he were lost ? I were next to a madman for a whole fortnight ; no sleep no rest. I were then a prosperous man, with acres of land, and full barns ; but the loss of my boy made me neglect ever thing ; I did not care what came ; bad luck followed bad luck ; and misfortunes did then begin, which ended in my ruin.

Phil. Very mollycholy. (*Wiping his eyes.*) But cheer up, my worthy master—you'll be well timbered yet.

Wake. No, no, want have griped me too hard.

Phil. Now what would you think if I was to say ; (*a loud shout without.*) Holloa ! Is that your Yorkshire warhoop ?

Wake. (*Going to the door.*) As I live the lads have gotten an old gipsy, and are ducking him in Prickle's pond.

Phil. A gipsy ! stand aside, no ; yes, start my timbers ; split my binnacle if they touch a hair of his head. I know him, Farmer ; I know him. Belay there, belay. Let me come alongside—Hilloah.

[*Exit.*]

Wake. (*Calling after him.*) Come back to see the dame.

Phil. (*Without.*) Oy, oy, master.

(*The scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*A View of the Country.*

A shout without. Enter VILLAGERS, dragging on
MICHAEL, L. H.

Mich. For the love of heaven, no more ; you'll kill me, you'll kill me.

1st Vil. Away with him again !

2nd Vil. Throw him into the mill-stream.

All. The mill-stream—the mill-stream !

(*They are proceeding to drag him off—*PHILIP enters, L. H.

Phil. Hilloah! Avast, ye cannibals!—Sea room, sea room, here. (*Philip drives them off with his cudgel—Michael sinks on the ground—Philip raises him up.*) Cheerly, old Triton, cheerly. How do you feel in your hold?

Mich. Blessings on you.

Phil. What are they doing with your old hull?

Mich. Another dip would have killed me—they were drowning me—I'm a poor gipsy.

Phil. I know you are—Where's the crew?

Mich. About a mile off, in a meadow.

Phil. Just the thing. Now, Beelzebub, we shall be a match for you.

Mich. They wanted to drown me for only looking into a henroost—a murrain seize every mother's son of 'em.

Phil. I understand; the old tricks, Michael.

Mich. Who told you my name?

Phil. I know the trim of your vessel well; but mum for the present; the coast is clear, so make the best of your way to the gang; here's some shot to put in your locker. (*Giving money.*)

Mich. Blessings on you.

Phil. Go back to the tent, and bring a few of your lads to Farmer Wakefield's, in this port:

Mich. What for?

Phil. I want to overhaul an affair of consequence.

Mich. But tell me—Is Farmer Wakefield still alive?

Phil. You'll see him without a telescope, if you obey my orders; but say—Will you come this evening?

Mich. It must be after dark, then. I know Farmer Wakefield well enough by name; perhaps I know a matter concerning him too.

Phil. I shall be on the lookout for you; don't let your memory start a timber.

Mich. But, Master Sailor, tell me if—

Phil. I can't stand palavering here; I must push off to the King's Head for my cargo. Now, belay, clap

a stopper on your tongue, and be mum till you see me at the farmer's; any body will direct you—obey my orders, and I'll make you an admiral; mutiny and I'll blow you to the Devil. *Exit, R. H.*

Mich. But, Master Sailor—

Phil. (Without.)—I shall look for you old Mike.

Mich. Old Mike! How should he know my name?—Well, I must hear what the lads say to this business—Old Mike's very cold--duckponds and mill-streams don't agree with old limbs—lucky I should meet with that sailor—he's given me five shillings. I'll try and scrape up a halfpenny more.

Enter LUKE, L. H.

Spare a halfpenny for the love of charity—poor old man—seventy odd—spare a halfpenny.

Luke. (Crossing.) Don't thee bother, don't thee bother.

Mich. Ah—let me look at you; let me look at ye. *(Aside.)* I know you—know you well—won't you spare a halfpenny to an old acquaintance?

Luke. Dom thee, be quiet—I ha' nothing about me.

Mich. You won't, not a farthing?

Luke. If thee doesn't budge, I'll put thee in the stocks for a vagram!

Mich. You will put me in the stocks! Then evil betide you, ill luck blight you. Put me in the stocks! Hark ye—I could ruin you, vagram as I am; you may look, man. Come hither let me whisper in your ear *(laying hold of his arm.)* Don't thee flinch and shake at my cold hand—but it is chilly with the water; bend down your ear and I'll make you tremble from head to foot.

Luke. Be you mad—why dost thee gripe me so hard—I don't know thee.

Mich. You don't—*(Michael whispers in Luke's ear.)*

Luke. (In great terror.) Toads and serpents! *(Aside.)* Be it you? I thought you had been dead and buried—have you brought *him* here?

Mich. Him! him you say? You remember that too? Wilt put me in the stocks now?

Luke. (*Aside.*) It be all out now, for sartin—here be money for you; so be quiet about that, not a word.

Mich. Money! I wont touch it—when the poor old gipsy ask'd for charity, you had nothing about you; but, now he can tread you to dust, you can find silver in your pockets, but I won't touch it; no nor gold. You'll forget an old acquaintance, will you? I won't have it; not a halfpenny; not a farthing; not a mite.

Exit L. H.

Luke. Now I do know the worst; now I be more comfortable than I ha' been for mony a day; because I be fix'd what to do. Ere this week be out, the turf may be on my head; but I shall have a neighbour in the same plight, and then I shall rest content. (*BOBBY heard without, singing.*) That be the lad's voice; Squire ha' let him out, I suppose, now it be all over about the girl.

Enter BOBBY, L. H.

Bob. Tol de rol lol—Tol de rol lol. I be out; I be out. Ah, Measter Luke, bean't you ashamed to look me in the face! I might ha' been kept i' the cage till Christmas for what you'd ha' car'd. Dickens and daisies, how deadly white you be.

Luke. I know it—I know it. (*Turning away.*)

Bob. I see how it be—conscience ha' flung her flour-sack in your face; but it do sarve thee right, for I ha' lost my good character through being your postman, and I'm sure you can't help me to another; so the sooner I get to Lunnun, the better for I. (*Looking out.*) Eh!—sure and sure, there be a chay going along the road like the wind.

Luke. A chay? (*Looking out.*)

Bob. Oh dear, I wish I had my bundle, I'd run after it and jump up behind—I'm sure it be going to Lunnun.

Luke. (*Looking out with astonishment.*) It be Squire's—yes it be, and there he sits inside, sure

enough. Then he ha' run away, and left me to fight it out by myself.

Bob. Oh, my bundle! I wish I had my bundle.

Luke. A chicken-hearted coward! he couldn't stay and face it out as I do; but let him go, I shall manage it better now. I must clean up my pistols; my heart be already fix'd, and I feel as bold as a lion. A drop more brandy; a look at my wife's grave; a good long thing of what ha' passed, and then for the finish of my long, long day's work. [*Exit LUKE, L. H.*]

Bob. What cruel pity it be I hadn't my bundle; I can't go without it, because there be my new shoes, and clean stockings, and a waistcoat that cost me the matter o' two shillings, all pack'd up in it. But stop; canna' Maester Luke send it after me, directed Mister Robert Trott, Lunnun? To be sure he can. Dang it if I don't go then; the chay must stop to change horses, so I'll run till I overtake it. Now for it; nothing shall stop me, good bye, every body, and now for Lunnun.

[*As he is running off, two Villagers enter, and seize him.*]

1st Vil. So we have caught you at last, my little tom tit.

Bob. What, be I stopped again?

1st Vil. Farmer Charles has a word to say to you.

Bob. Now doan't—let me go; let me go, and I'll give you two shillings.

1st Vil. No, Master Bobby, that won't answer; so come quietly.

Bob. (*laying down.*) I'll be shot if I wool.

2d Vil. Come, no obstinacy.

Bob. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! caged, horsewhipped, and killed; I shall never get to Lunnun.

[*They drag him off, kicking and struggling.*]

SCENE IV.—*Interior of Wakefield's Cottage.*

A table set out for supper ; PHILIP, WAKEFIELD, DAME, CHARLES, and CLARA discovered ; Philip's bundle is on a stool near him.

Dame. Don't thee say no, Master Sailor.

Phil. No more, dame, I thank you ; I've stow'd away enough for the night. Come, Farmer, cheer up, don't be down-hearted. What, though you be somewhat founder'd, who knows but the next breeze may send you spanking along with wind and weather.

Wake. And be all that so valuable ?

Phil. What, my cargo ! Don't say a word ; only wait till morning, and I'll show you the stuff in a box here, that shall set your heart afloat in a sea of joy ; talk of bank notes ; ropes-end and old junk to this ; but wait till a friend calls here for me, and, if you don't dance a hornpipe on the quarter deck, I'm no seaman. Where's old Mike, I wonder ? I suppose it must rest till the morning. (*Aside.*) Come, my lass, lord love you, I like to look at you ; you do mount a smile and cheer us a bit ; what say you to join me in a ditty ! Poor Jack, Black-Eyed Susan, or The Old Commodore !

Wake. No, no ; no singing ; I be tired, and—

Phil. Belay, belay, don't run foul of my inclination. Come, come, pipe all hands for fun ; sew up old care in a blanket, and pitch him to Davy Jones. Nothing like a ditty ; aloft in a storm, on deck at the mid-watch, or buffeting with the billows of misfortune, what cheers the heart like a good old song ; when the deck has been clearing for action, what could make us fight better than "Rule Britannia, Britannia Rules the Waves ;" or, "Stand to your Guns, my Hearts of Oak ;" and, when wounded, in the cockpit, what could better teach us to bear our misfortunes like men, than, "Here, a sheer Hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling."

Wake. Well, well, do as you will. Come, girl, do thy best.

Phil. That's your sort ; that's tight and hearty.

SONG—(*Clara.*)

Young Susan had lovers so many, that she
 Hardly know upon which to decide ;
 They all spoke sincerely and promised to be
 So worthy of such a sweet bride.
 In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then
 The noon would be spent with young Harry,
 The evening with John ; so, among all the men,
 She never could tell which to marry.

Heigho ! heigho !

I'm afraid,

That too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

William grew jealous, and so went away,
 Young Harry got tired of wooing ;
 While John having teased her to fix on the day,
 Received but a frown for so doing.
 So, among all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
 She wept every night on her pillow ;
 And meeting, one day, a pair going to church,
 Turned away and died under a willow.

Heigho ! heigho !

I'm afraid

That too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Phil. That's the sort of thing : splice me ; what d'ye think o' that pipe, my commodore ; well, here's wishing you may be a captain's wife ; no offence, I hope ; I see how the land lies ; excuse me if I've lost the steerage of my tongue.

Dame. But I want you to talk about my poor boy.

Wake. Silence, Dame ; have I not told thee not to speak on't at present ! Be quiet, I say : I'm thinking how the sailor may be accommodated here ; Dame Hillock said you could sleep at her cottage ! (*To Clara.*)

Clara. Yes, father ; she will come for me before she goes to rest.

Phil. What, turn the lass out of her hammock ; no, that won't do. Yet I *should* like to rest here too ; I should sleep so comfortable.

Wake Hark he, Master Sailor, you shall have my bed.

Phil. Now, now ; commodore.

Wake. I insist upon it : 'tis the best bed in my poor home, and you shall sleep in it.

Phil. Huzza ! (*Cuts a caper.*) I could jump over the moon. (*Aside.*) Where can old Mike be ?

Wake. Come, girl, get ready. Charles will go with you, but there be no fear of any more such work as happened last night.

Clara. Good night, father. Charles, you might stay with my father, to amuse him for half an hour, and advise for the best. I have only a few yards to go, and shall not be out of hearing.

Char. I can return immediately.

Wake. No, no ; I do not wish to sit up late to night ; I be fatigued, and do want rest : so kiss me girl, and go—there, good night. Good night, Charles, and thank thee for your kindness.

Phil. Avast there—are you going without noticing me ?

Clara. Good night, my friend.

Phil. Give me your hand ; good night, my lass, lord love you. [*Exit Clara and Charles.* (*Aside.*) It's no use waiting, for old Mike won't come to-night—so I'll surprise 'em all to morrow ; I am very sorry to put you about in this way, but—

Wake. Say no more, my friend. Dame, take a light, and show the sailor up stairs.

Phil. What, so soon ! Well, just as you please—take care of my cargo tho'. (*Gives his bundle to Wakefield.*) Good night, noble captain ; pipe all hands at five o'clock, for I've a day's work to do. We'll jig it to-morrow, to the piping of goldfinches ; heave a-head, Dame. Good night, old Commodore.

[*The DAME precedes PHILIP up the stairs with a light ; the FARMER is shaking hands with them, and the scene shuts them in.*

SCENE V.—*The back part of WAKEFIELD'S cottage. A light is seen through a window in the flat.*

Enter LUKE, with a brace of pistols in his hand.

R. H.

Luke. There be a light in the place where the Farmer sleeps; I'll watch here till it be out, and then he'll be in bed, I must get round the garden, climb up the gate at the side, and get in at the window. (*The light seen through the window goes out.*) Ah, he ha' put out the candle; now to make all ready for climbing—this shall do it.—I'll take my aim steady and sure; then I'll snap the trigger; then there'll be a stunning sound, a cry of death, a flooding o' blood on the floor, and Luke's revenge finished. Ha! ha! this will be one of the merriest nights I ha' passed for mony a year—I ha' been drinking, too, all day, but instead of getting drunk, it ha' made me fierce and bold. (*He places the pistol in a belt under his frock.*) Now for it—gently, be quite, don't thee be scared, or my hand will shake—lay still, lay still. (*Striking his breast.*) Now I be right again—'twere but a little fit, and now I be firm as oak.

[*Exit, L. H.*

[*Music—Enter MICHAEL, followed by two GIPSIES*
R. H. *They advance a few paces, as if watching*
LUKE.

Mich. There he goes—hush lad—I know he's after something; going to rob the house maybe; we'll teach him to spurn a poor old gipsy; hush.

1st Gip. He's climbing up the fence.

Mich. Follow him, lads.—follow him,—see what he be about; and then for the sailor,—now, gently—no noise.

[*Music and Exeunt, L. H.*

SCENE VI.

A bed-room in the cottage. Bed in the corner. PHILIP is discovered laying asleep—A window, through which the moon is seen shining; a door in flat—Music. LUKE is at the window, in the act of climbing up; he opens it gently, and advances one leg in, and resting on the side, looks towards the bed; he speaks in a whisper.

Luke. He sleeps; and alone, I think. Now Farmer, we shall be even.

[He cocks his pistol, and levels it at PHILIP; at that moment the first GIPSY appears at the window.

Luke. My hand do shake so, I shall miss him.

1st Gipsy. Aye, that thee shalt.

[Music.—The Gipsy dislodges Luke from his seat, and throws him into the room; the pistol goes off in the air; in the act, Philip springs from the bed, seizes Luke, and drags him to the front of the stage.

1st Gipsy. Hold him tight; hold him tight.

The GIPSY enters at the window.

Phil. Holloa! Farmer, Farmer Wakefield, we're boarded by pirates; I'll grapple you; what, Luke!

[Music. The DAME enters with a light, followed by the FARMER, CLARA, CHARLES, MICHAEL, and the other GIPSY, at the door, in flat.

Wake. Luke, what be the meaning of this?

Mich. Stop—hear old Gipsy Mike:—Master Luke stole away your boy, and sold him to me; I took care of him till one day—

Phil. He ran away, and went to sea—I am that boy.

Mike. }
Farmer. }
Dame. } You!
Clara. }
Charles. }

Wake. You my boy Philip!

Phil. Aye, old Mike will soon know me.

[LUKE struggles with PHILIP, and succeeds in drawing another pistol from his belt, and is levelling at the FARMER, when PHILIP thrusts back his arm, and LUKE, receiving the fire, falls dead.

Wake. My boy! My boy! Your old Father's arms are open to receive you.

[PHILIP runs into WAKEFIELD's arms; then the DAME is warmly embraced by him; WAKEFIELD kneels; PHILIP takes CLARA round the waist, and occupies the centre of the stage; the GIPSIES fill up one side, and MICHAEL and CHARLES the other. The Curtain falls.

THE END.



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